

# The Dillinger Escape Plan, Prancer

how could it all be  
we've never been dead  
but never awake from this dream  
how could it all be  
we'll never be dead  
just mirrors running scared  
slicing wrists while we look for our own mortality  
all the lights went out cold  
shadow covers the soul  
essence of the world made ceremonial  
now we all wait for the demise  
what was the question  
why do you need an answer  
we make me nauseas  
I guess it just means I need us  
ripe for me to eat your juice runs sweet  
never so good  
funny how nothing chips away at us like us  
check the unlocked door but it's still locked  
always locked  
talk to me across the way as if you don't even know me  
and as if I could never give even half a fuck at all  
for the record there is never anyone controlling  
our trajectory is ours  
funny thing is when this is all just memories  
looking back will be the same as moving forward  
I'll probably give anything to try to go back in time  
time when I didn't have to  
empty lips just for distraction  
rip the demons from their sleep  
fornicate inside me  
gouge my eyes out so I'll never weep  
how could it all be  
we finally figured this shit out  
and now you'll see that you were all wrong  
but you were all just mirrors running scared  
just some ghosts wearing my skin  
trying to disbelieve it  
fuck you now try to disbelieve it